

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

14th July, 1962

There's always plenty of homework for . . .

MARILYN AND HER PONY



TOTING THE TOTEM

In answer to a challenge by the leader of the Uppingham Boys' Club, Corby New Town, boys of five Midland clubs made totem poles and took them to Corby.

The most enterprising of the clubs, the Masefield Hall Boys' Sports Club, carved their totem from a 15-foot telegraph pole, and carried it shoulder-high for the 67 miles from Northfield, Birmingham, to Corby. It took 30 boys, aged 12 to 15, the whole weekend.

International Youth Village

A Henri Dunant International Village, named after the Swiss founder of the Red Cross, will be built at Varazze on the Italian Riviera. Apprentice masons, electricians, carpenters, and gardeners from technical schools in Switzerland will devote part of their own holidays to help construct the five modern blocks which will be the focal point of this centre for 120 young people.

Like so many girls of her age, 14-year-old Marilyn Childe of Boston Spa, Yorkshire, puts in two hours of homework each evening after school. But unlike most girls, Marilyn then becomes the teacher—and her pupil is Ashari, a five-year-old chestnut mare.

For Marilyn is one of Britain's most promising horsewomen. Last year, when she was only 13, she was picked, with Ashari, for the British junior team to compete against the American party which visited this country.

"To be successful a rider and horse must almost think together," says Marilyn. "You can only do that with hours of patient schooling."

So Marilyn, who has been riding since she was nine, spends all her spare time with Ashari, grooming the pony, and training her to respond to the slightest command.

Yet Marilyn's ambition is not to be a famous horsewoman—although she looks like being one, according to experts—but to breed ponies and school them for other girls with ambitions to get to the top as horsewomen.

Problem For the Piper

A few months ago Mr. Edward Campbell of the Yorkshire village of South Elmsall, decided to learn to play the bagpipes.

Now the bagpipes is one of those instruments that you either loathe or love—there seems to be no middle way—and not wishing to offend his neighbours Mr. Campbell took himself off to the attic to practise. But attics are not sound-proof and he felt that a further move was desirable.

So if you happen to be out on the wilds of Brierley Common don't be surprised if you meet a lone piper. Mr. Campbell has found a really far-away spot.

BACK TO SCHOOL IN THE HOLIDAYS

Some 450 London boys and girls willingly go back to school for eight days during the holidays to play musical instruments. They hope to gain places in the two London Schools Symphony Orchestras.

The enthusiasm of schoolchildren for music throughout the country is well reported in *Living Music*, which is published four times a year by the Educational Group of the Musical Instrument Association, 2 Manchester Square, London, W.1.

Youth Arts Centre for Midlands

Six young people have laid the foundation stone of the Midlands Arts Centre for Young People in Cannon Hall Park, Birmingham. Costing £1,500,000 to build, the Centre will encourage people aged 6 to 25 to enjoy and take part in artistic activities. When completed, the buildings will include an arts club, three theatre halls for music and dancing, besides restaurants, a film theatre, a crafts centre, an indoor garden, an aviary, and an exhibition centre.

HE ROLLS TO WORK

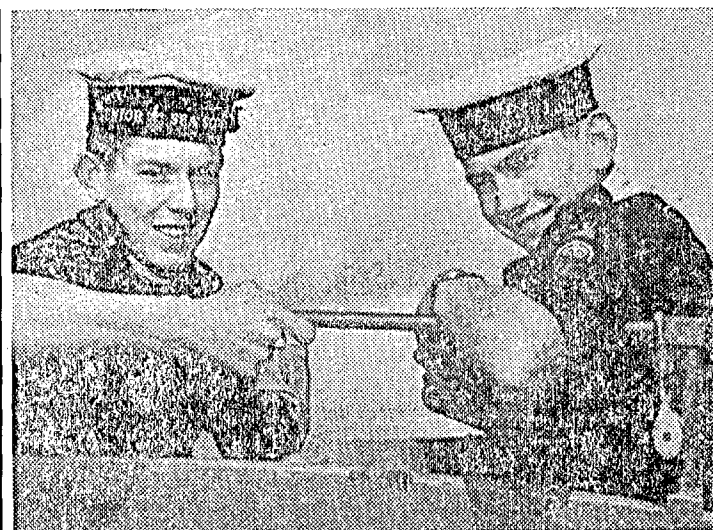
A Doncaster miner, Mr. G. Asquith, goes to work in a 1936 Rolls Royce—price £300. He claims that this will save him time and money. He can get up later in the mornings and still be on the 6.0 a.m. shift, and he can take his family to the seaside more cheaply.

SUCCESS STORIES

SUSAN MATHER—17-year-old member of the 1st Hove Company of the Girls' Life Brigade. Susan has received the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Here she is seen with her admittance card to Buckingham Palace where she went to claim the Award.



THE NURSING TWINS—15-year-old Ann and Christine George of Bournemouth. They have won the Grand Prior Award, highest award of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



THE SAILING TWINS—Richard and Donald Thomas of Poole. These 16-year-olds have just become Queen's Scouts; they are now working hard to qualify for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

Readers' Letters

Why don't you write to me this week? (The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.)

Bigger and bigger zoos

Dear Sir,—We read David Johnson's letter (CN 5th May), about his Zoo with ten animals. We have 57 animals—1 deer, 8 hamsters, 2 rabbits, 1 calf, 1 turtle, 1 parrot, 3 franklins, 14 budgies, 2 cats, and 24 ducks.

Penny and Judy Rudge

(both 12), Mpigi, Uganda.

Quite a collection, twins! Perhaps the "franklins" you refer to are known to us as francolins, a kind of pheasant. Ed.

Talking point!

What do YOU think about having some kind of school uniform? In many schools boys and girls have to wear the same kind of suit or dress and perhaps some special headgear too.

Is distinctive clothing, proclaiming that you belong to this school or that, something to be proud of or ashamed of?

Tell us what you think on this vexed question. CN will pay 10s. for every letter about it published on this page.

Wet, lost—happy!

Dear Sir,—I would like to thank our teacher, Miss White, for our outing and being our form mistress.

We went to Kew. It was a wet day, but we enjoyed going under the sprinklers. We then went to Hampton Court Palace, and got thoroughly lost in the Maze.

Sheena Stewart,

Prestwood, Bucks.

Apparently, Sheena, you found your way out again. Ed.

What's in a name?

Dear Sir,—About 40 miles from my home in Caernarvonshire there is a little town called Beddgelert. It is a Welsh name and it means "Gelert's grave."

Gelert was the dog of Llewelyn, prince of North Wales. One day Llewelyn went hunting and left Gelert in charge of his infant son. When he returned, Llewelyn found the bedclothes stained with blood. He thought Gelert had killed his heir. He then struck his sword into the dog's side. The dog's dying cry was answered by a child's cry, and Llewelyn found his son unharmed. But nearby lay the body of a mighty wolf which Gelert had killed.

Brian Worthington (13),

Bron-Y-Nant, Colwyn Bay.

ON THE RIGHT LINES

Colour TV to be tested soon

By Ernest Thomson

"Putting the cat among the pigeons" might well describe what has been happening since the Pilkington Committee on Broadcasting issued its report.

The second TV channel as soon as possible for the BBC; drastic reorganisation of ITV and then, possibly, an extra channel for them in five years time; no commercial radio—these are among the proposals that Parliament will be debating very soon.

There is general agreement, however, on the Committee's proposal that there should be colour TV on a definition of 625 lines, and that the 625-line system should be adopted by black-and-white TV, too.

Among the more optimistic people I have met since the report came out is Mr. C. O. Stanley, spokesman for the Radio Manufacturers' Association. He is glad the BBC will begin colour test transmissions on 625 lines at the end of August.

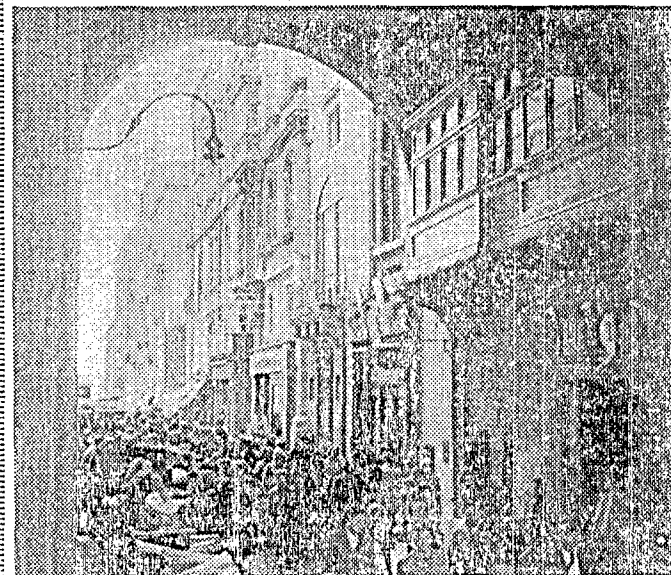
"Of course, a colour TV service is not just round the corner," said Mr. Stanley. "I think it will be five years before colour sets are within the reach of the man in the street. And he will be lucky to buy one for less than £200."

KNOW YOUR NEWS

PROBLEMS OF A CROWDED ISLAND

By our Special Correspondent

THOUSANDS of Commonwealth citizens who would otherwise come to work in our crowded island of Britain are now barred—with a few exceptions—by the Immigrants Act which has just come into force.



Busy market in Valletta, capital of Malta

Among them are many from an even more crowded island—Malta, in the Mediterranean—which Britain has administered as a colony since 1814.

Most Maltese emigrants go to Australia and the Government of Malta spends about a million pounds a year helping them to get there. But traditionally some of them have always regarded Britain as their second home and will be disappointed at the new immigration barriers set up to stop them coming in, though the move is mostly on account of the more numerous West Indians and Pakistanis.

Why is emigration so important to a little island whose population, largely Roman Catholic, is only about 325,000 anyhow? Because that population is growing faster than the means to support it.

The Maltese depend upon Britain to balance their annual Budget. For many years they also relied on the British to find them jobs in the great naval base of Valletta. But now, in this age of the H-bomb, a naval base at Malta would be much too vulnerable. So in recent years it has been converted into a commercial dockyard—for tankers up to 80,000 tons.

In the process many of the 14,000 Maltese who used to work for the Admiralty have lost their jobs. Anger is rising.

That is why Malta's new Prime Minister, 50-year-old Dr. Borg Olivier, has come to London twice since he took over the Government last February.

He not only wants help to balance his Budget, which has been put off until this month, but he wants to know how Malta can find a means of livelihood other than the dockyard.

Dr. Olivier is leader of the Nationalist Party, which wants to make Malta independent within the Commonwealth. His chief rival, Mr. Dom Mintoff, the former Labour Prime Minister, wants to cut Malta away completely from Britain and the Commonwealth.

Malta seems too small and poor to live on her own. Although some of her politicians act as though this was possible, they demand more money from Britain and at the same time blame her for their plight.

Britain and Malta have strong ties. A solution to the present problem must be found, a solution which will enable those ties to be maintained.



Dr. Borg Olivier

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE

Where do they all go to die?

"WHY is it," asked Paddy the other day, "that you never seem to see a dead bird or mammal unless it has been shot or run over or something like that?"

I told him that this is because very few of our truly wild animals, especially birds, die of old age. And though they do suffer from their own kinds of diseases we don't often see them when they are seriously ill.

"I've been told that animals know when they are going to die and that they creep away and hide." This from Jane.

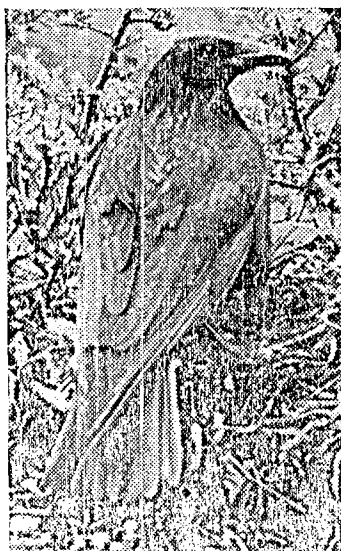
I told my young friends that this was only partly true. Animals don't "know" that they are dying for they cannot imagine things before they happen and so know nothing of disease. But when a wild creature is getting old or ill it is soon incapable of hunting or feeding properly. So it hides away because it feels insecure and gradually more and more helpless.

By hiding away, instinctively, it may escape some of its enemies which would otherwise get an easy meal.

Many animals in a weak state are either killed by others or, if

they die first, are quickly disposed of by those creatures which are carnivorous—flesh-eaters—or those which feed on decaying meat which is called carrion.

A dying bird will soon be finished off by rats or weasels or hedgehogs, and so will a mouse or rabbit. If already dead the



Carrion crow

with MAXWELL KNIGHT

creature may be eaten by carrion crows or foxes.

Even insects play their part in disposing of remains—burying beetles, for instance, or blowflies which lay their eggs on the corpses. These eggs hatch out into maggots (larvae) which live on flesh and so help in the work of cleaning up. It is surprising how speedily these humble forms of life will remove all the flesh.

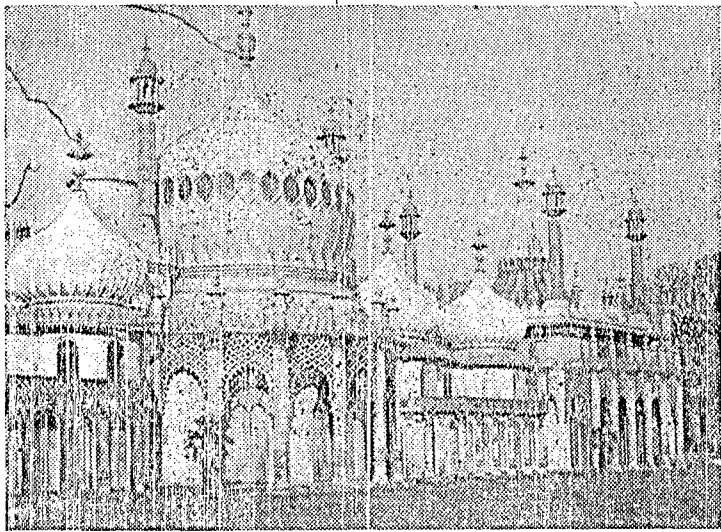
Curiously enough, tadpoles of frogs and toads also eat flesh. Indeed they must have some animal food as they grow larger. So if a young bird falls out of a pond-side nest into the water at the right time of year, it will soon be found by any tadpoles there may be in the pond. They will set to work in dozens and in time will leave only a skeleton at the bottom. Incidentally, this makes a good way for the naturalist to get bones for his collection.

Clean skull

I once found a dead badger whose head had been nearly cut off by a passing car. I removed the head from the body and skinned it. Then I put the skull into a pond where there were hundreds of tadpoles. In less than two weeks they had cleaned it—and I still have that skull.

This may sound all rather horrid, but really all these scavengers are doing a good job in helping to keep the land and water free from pollution

The Queen comes here on Monday



ON Monday next the Queen will open an exhibition at the famous Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of her ancestor, George IV.

The Pavilion, surely the most fantastic home ever seen in England, was built for George IV when he was Prince Regent. He loved Brighton and it was largely his influence which made the town so fashionable at the end of the 18th century when the best way to get there was by a fast mail coach.

Many of the refugees from the French Revolution, who landed at Brighton, were received by the Prince in the Pavilion.

Brighton's famous Royal Pavilion

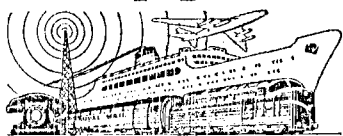
George IV



Some specially fine pieces of furniture, now at Buckingham Palace, have been lent to the exhibition by the Queen because they were originally used by the Prince in his seaside palace here.

The exhibition is open to the public from Tuesday throughout the summer.

ABriefly . . .



Britain's biggest single advertising campaign is to be launched next Monday—for Road Safety. Newspapers, magazines, television, printers, and advertisers have combined for the good work.

Three Arabian oryx, antelopes that were in danger of extinction, have been captured in southern Arabia by the Fauna Preservation Society's expedition, and are now in Kenya.

World under foot

A concrete map of the world, 18 feet by 12 feet, has been laid down in the playground of a new school at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex.

The Old Vic Theatre Company is to give open-air performances near the pyramids in Egypt next month. The plays will be Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*.

Eighteen Birmingham police cadets are due to leave for Iceland on Monday to make a three-week survey of the Janjokull ice cap.

A home for lost baby seals has been opened by the RSPCA at Heacham, Norfolk.

SCOUT BULL-FIGHTER

A Scottish Scout, 13-year-old Roderick Irving of Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, and his brother Donald, were moving a herd of cows from a field. Suddenly the bull attacked them. They ran for a ditch but Donald was tossed and injured. Roderick grabbed a piece of fencing and tried to fight off the bull, but was knocked down.

He got up and was running to the farm for help when he met his elder sister Janet, who was driving a Land Rover. They both returned to the field and, taking a pitchfork from the vehicle, tried to drive the enraged animal away from Donald. But it charged and tossed Janet.

With both his sister and brother lying semi-conscious, Roderick jumped into the Land Rover and drove it at the bull which at last made off. Then he carefully lifted Janet and Donald into the Land Rover and drove them to the farm.

This brave action has won him the Scouts' Silver Cross.

Shark for fork

Digging for worms before going fishing, 13-year-old Bobby Whitfield of Ryton, Durham, broke the garden fork. His mother told him he had better bring back something big "to pay for the damage."

That day, fishing from a pier at Sunderland, he landed a shark two-and-a-half-feet long.

JULY

BOOKSHELF

EVERYONE has heard about Dr. Schweitzer with his hospital at Lambaréné in the African republic of Gabun.

Here's a book about another side of his character, for he is a great animal lover, too.

Accompanied by delightful drawings, Jean Fritz tells us of **THE ANIMALS OF DOCTOR SCHWEITZER** (Oliver and Boyd, 8s. 6d.). We read of the three young pelicans and the one who stayed behind; of the two antelope babies and of the Red River hog who liked racing round under the patients' beds in hospital, and of various other creatures. And of how the great doctor dealt with them all in the same understanding way that he uses with his human patients.

★ ★ ★

IF you have a strong imagination and like an imaginative story then you couldn't do better than **THE TWELVE AND THE GENII** by Pauline Clarke (Faber, 13s. 6d.).

She has hit on a most original idea. A family moves into a new home near the village of Haworth (just outside Bradford) where the famous novelists, the Brontë sisters, lived more than 100 years ago. (You may have read *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë).

Max, the youngest member of the newly-arrived family, finds some very old and worn wooden soldiers hidden in the attic under a loose board.

Then, one day, he hears the soldiers talking.

It is a matter of history that the Brontë children did in fact use such toys, and this story is so well told that the author makes us believe that the fascinating adventures of Max and family with these wooden veterans really happened.

★ ★ ★

PETER KENT turns up again in **CITY IN DANGER** (Lutterworth Press, 10s. 6d.) and fans of author John Gunn know what to expect from that.

This time Peter and his friend Paul are on leave from their usual Australian Navy duties and take a holiday sailing off Queensland.



But Peter and adventure are never separated for long, and the young lieutenants soon find themselves involved with a power-mad tycoon who plans to destroy Sydney with an atom bomb before gaining control of the whole of Australia!

★ ★ ★

A COLLECTION of stories from Nyanza are gathered by Humphrey Harman in **TALES TOLD NEAR A CROCODILE** (Hutchinson, 15s.).

A District Education Officer in Kenya, Mr. Harman has delved into the past for legends and folklore, retelling the stories that the people of this region have told

Tales told near a Crocodile

A collection of stories from Nyanza

HUMPHREY HARMAN



for generations. They are a simple people, and their stories have the simplicity and wisdom of the ages; Mr. Harman retells them with a sympathy and humour which at once reveals his love and understanding.

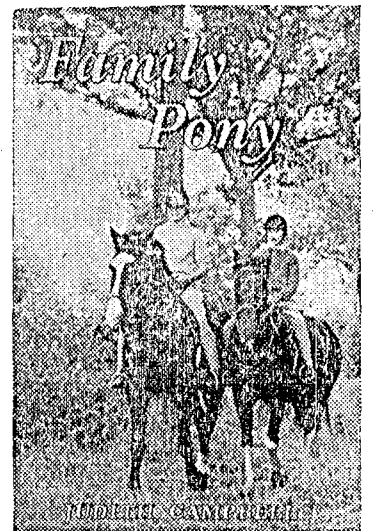
Here we can meet Bukango, who could command crocodiles; Podhu, who found the secret home of the elephants; Toll and Sepha, who could turn themselves into snakes; and many others who, thanks to the magic of Mr. Harman, seem to come alive again.

If you are looking for adventure and excitement and thrills this is not the book for you. But if you want something out of the ordinary, with an appeal and charm of its own, this cannot be too highly recommended.

★ ★ ★

A BRISK and busy tale for girls of life at a Secondary Modern School is ingeniously told in **JEANETTE IN THE SUMMER TERM** by Alice Lunt (Dent, 15s.). It is, of course, a sequel to *Jeanette's First Term*.

The action centres round the arrival of a Polish girl, Hania, who cannot speak a word of English. Jeanette is given the job of helping her through the first difficult weeks. The trouble is that Jeanette's sport-crazy friend Aggie, wants to help, too. The possibilities of misunderstandings are endless and Miss Lunt knows just how to keep you wondering—"Whatever next?"



RIDING is costly enough. But the expense of keeping a pony can be far too high for many girls who long to have one of their own. But need it be so expensive? Could the answer be the "family pony"?

"The family pony is of no particular breed, shape or size. But it must be the sort of pony that is handy enough to have a go at most things; hardy enough to live out all the year round; and, if there is to be only one pony in the family, sturdy enough to carry all the riding members. Above all, it must have a kindly temperament."

Well, that is how Judith Campbell describes the animal in **FAMILY PONY** published by Lutterworth Press at 12s. 6d. It is well worth the price. It could save pounds for the girl who wants a pony of her own.

★ ★ ★

A VIVID glimpse of the troubled time in England after the end of the Civil War between King and Parliament is given in Barbara Softly's **PLACE MILL** (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.).

The roads and lanes were haunted by mysterious figures in any disguise they could find—Royalists soldiers trying to escape after their final defeat at the Battle of Worcester.

Among the fugitives we find Nicholas and his friends Giles and Matthew who are making for the coast.

But there is a big reward offered for the capture of the top fugitive of all, Charles II, and this increases the tangled web of suspicion and intrigue.

★ ★ ★

LATEST in the Mechanical Age Library (published by Muller at 10s. 6d.) is **TUNNELS AND TUNNELLING** by F. E. Dean. With many photographs and diagrams, it takes us from the earliest-known tunnel (built across the Euphrates in Babylon 4,000 years ago) to a description of the possible Channel Tunnel.

We learn, for instance, that the world's longest railway tunnel is the Sion, 12 miles 668 yards under the Alps; the longest road tunnel is the 7½-mile one now being completed under Mont Blanc; the biggest is at Stornorr-fors, Sweden, which is 52½ feet wide and 87 feet high.

We learn, too, of the different techniques and the different tools; of the problems of tunnelling; and some of the unusual tunnels.

THIS WIDE WORLD

SEA-SERPENT WATER CARRIERS

AN enormous nylon tube, 300 feet long, will soon be bringing water to the thirsty Isles of Greece.

Known as a Dracone and similar to the nylon tube already used for the sea-transport of petrol, this device can be towed by a small motor vessel. When moving through the water loaded, it is almost submerged and looks like some huge sea-serpent wallowing in the waves; empty, it just floats.

The new Dracone for the Greek islands of the Aegean Sea carries 1,000 tons of drinking water. The difference between the specific gravities of salt and fresh water is enough to ensure buoyancy. The nylon fabric is very tough and stands up well to hard wear and the size of the 1,000 tonner can be judged from our photograph showing a game of cricket being played inside it.

Just over a year ago, Peter Nomikos, a young Greek ship-owner, decided that Dracones could be used in the big group of islands known as the Cyclades.

Dried-up wells

There are about 220 islands in the group, and the inhabitants rely mainly on tomato growing for their livelihood. But because of the severe shortage of water, their standard of living is about the lowest in Europe.

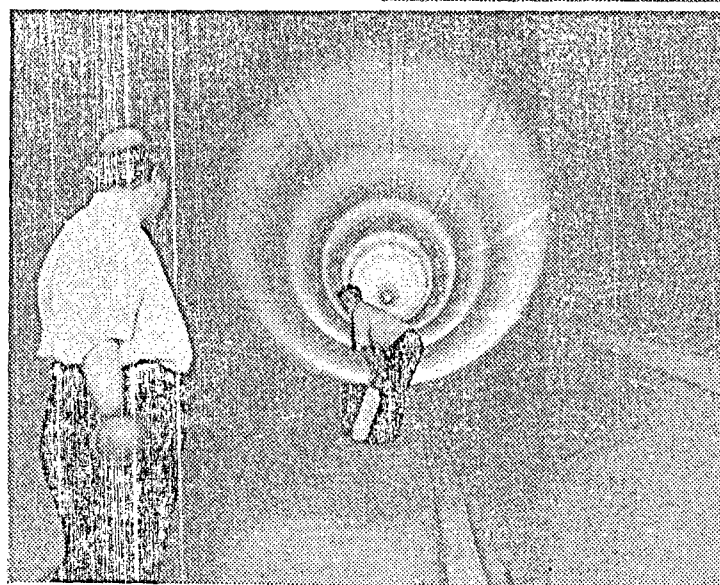
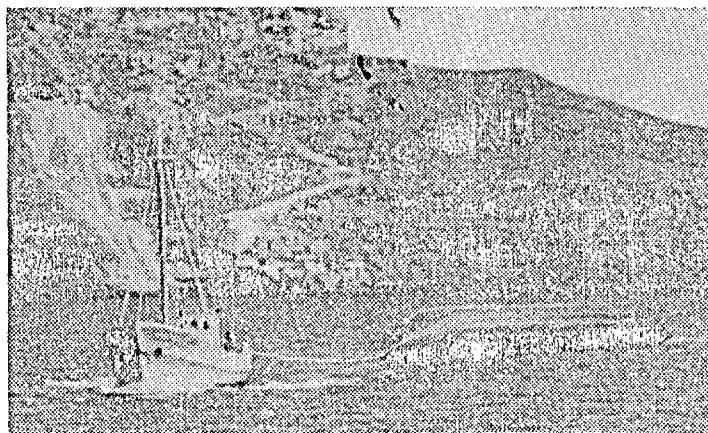
The rain in the Cyclades comes only for a few weeks at the end of the summer. During the rest of the year wells run dry and springs are reduced to a trickle.

Nomikos immediately ordered two Dracones far bigger than any that had been built. His were to be 230 feet in length and capable of carrying 500 tons of fresh water on each voyage.

The first of the 500-tonner Dracones started work in the Aegean in May last year. Now the 1,000-tonner is coming into service.

These water-carrying Dracones

have special linings to make sure that the water arrives in good condition and supplies are going to hotels catering for the tourist trade. On one island, a hotel which had closed in the middle of the season because of lack of water, has now found it possible to remain open the year round.



On another island a brand-new hotel has been erected.

Costs of transporting water by Dracone are far less than they are by ordinary tanker. They work out at about 5s. a ton, or a farthing a gallon, against over 10s. by ship. With the bigger Dracones soon to be put into

service, Nomikos expects to bring his costs down even lower.

Many people are watching this experiment with interest. Both the World Health Organisation and the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations are following it closely.

FOOTPRINTS UNDER THE ASHES

Animal footprints left, some 30 million years ago, on the sandy margin of a pool have been found in Northern Hungary.

The sand, once surrounded by pines and broad-leaved trees, had been buried under ash from a volcano, and when this debris had been carefully stripped off, the prints of deer, birds, a mastodon (prehistoric elephant) and two rhinoceroses were found. There were also marks of falling leaves and pine needles and the tiny craters formed by raindrops during the last storm before the volcano erupted.

A roof was built over the area, and a young student, working on her knees, traced the prints inch by inch on to 70 large sheets of cellulose. These tracings are to be transferred to paper and then photographed.

Odds-and-Ends Steamer

Little Toot, a steamboat made from odds and ends, has made a voyage of hundreds of miles down Australia's Murray River. Built by a business man in his spare time, her boiler came from a horsedrawn fire engine over 100 years old, her two-cylinder engine is 80 years old, and her whistle was once part of an American traction engine.



Just a few eggs

These pictures were taken on an ostrich farm at Oudtshoorn, in the Cape Province of South Africa. Being an outside bird, the ostrich lays outside eggs—many of them.

BRITISH CLIMBERS FOR SOVIET PEAK

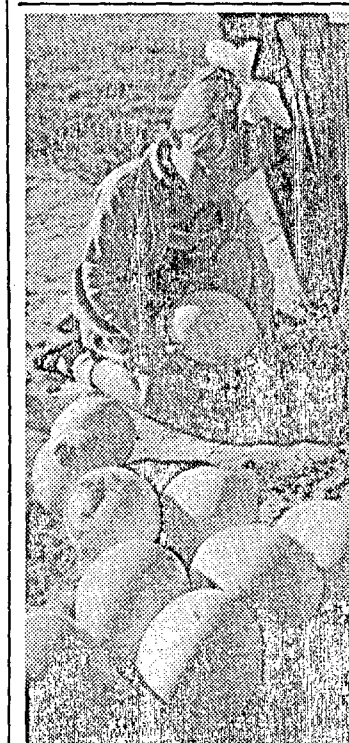
Twelve British climbers, led by Sir John Hunt of Everest fame, are to attempt the highest peak in the Soviet Union this summer.

The peak is Mount Communism (24,590 feet) in the mighty Pamir range, also known as the Roof of the World and stretching between USSR, China, and Afghanistan.

The British party, whose equipment has already gone on ahead, will be the first of 130 mountaineers from various European countries who will be climbing in the Soviet Union this year.

Inching through the Panama Canal

Getting the 45,000-ton British liner *Canberra* through the Panama Canal the other day was a tricky job. The ship is 102 feet wide and some parts of the Canal are only 110 feet wide. It took four pilots helped by two tugs and electrical equipment ashore to edge her through.



HELP FOR KENYA CHILDREN

In a recent CN item called *For Children In Need*, we drew attention to the campaign in Kenya for destitute children. Now we are asked to state that between 2,000 and 3,000 of these children are found yearly on the streets of Nairobi, apart from other towns in Kenya, and the campaign to help them is called *Youth Helps Youth—Kenya*.

The badges which are to be sold in Britain to help these boys and girls cost 1s. and not 6d. as incorrectly stated in our article.

Sky-divers thread a needle

Two Queensland sky-diving parachutists recently "threaded a needle" before pulling their ripcords. While they fell 7,500 feet one held out a wooden needle and the other passed a piece of wire through it.



WILD WEST LOG CABIN

and TENT

Combined

BIG ENOUGH

FOR THREE

TO FOUR

BOYS

ONLY 59/6
P. & P. 3/6

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2 for 55/- post free

or with waterproof base 2/6 each extra

New release 1,500 only at a fraction true value. Safe warm and comfortable (needs no extra bedding). Top quality fine weave American material in attractive colours. Zip fastener. Luxuriously padded and quilted throughout. Superb quality at a bargain price. Approx. 6 ft. 3 in. long, 2 ft. 3 in. wide.

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Any cash order sent C.O.D. (pay postman). Ref. g'tee. (DEPT. CH53), 99 ANERLEY ROAD, LONDON, S.E.20



ROCKY MOUNTAINEER SLEEPING BAG

2 for 70/- post free Today's value 65/- Ex-Govt. R.A.F. quality cover with white rayon lining. Thickly padded. Quilted top and bottom. Overall length with pillow approx. 6 ft., width approx. 2 ft. 3 in. Waterproof base. Zip fastener. With holdall. Size packed 12 in. x 9 in. x 9 in. Weighs only 4 lb. ALSO EXTRA LARGE SIZE approx. 6 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 3 in. 39/6. Post & packing 2/6.

FREE! Super AIR PILLOW with every Sleeping Bag



LOOKING AT THE SKY

with PATRICK MOORE

Lyra, the Harp of the Stars

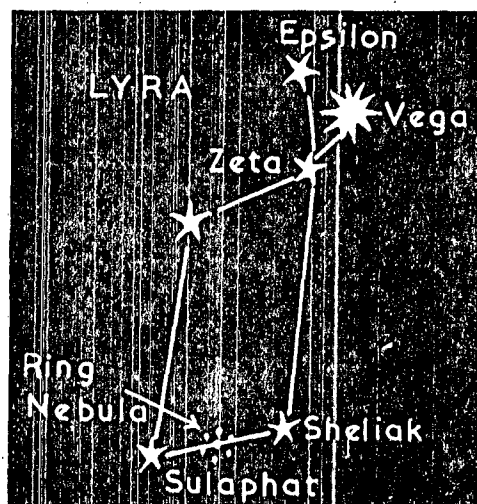
If you look almost overhead during a summer evening, you will see a very brilliant bluish star. This is Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, the Harp or Lyre. You cannot overlook it because of its exceptional brightness.

Vega is very hot, and also highly luminous, since it is 50 times as bright as the Sun. On the usual scale, its apparent magnitude is 0.0, so that it is two magnitudes brighter than the Pole Star. It is 27 light-years away, so

that Epsilon Lyrae is a double-double or quadruple star. All four members are associated, so that we are dealing with a real "stellar family". Zeta Lyrae, also shown in the diagram, is an ordinary double, easy to separate with a small telescope.

Double stars are very common. Those which form connected systems, as Epsilon and Zeta Lyrae do, are termed "binaries". Astronomers believe that it takes the two bright members of the Epsilon Lyrae system well over a million years to complete one journey round their common centre of gravity!

A much more difficult object is the famous Ring Nebula, which, unfortunately, is not seen well except



that we are now seeing it as it used to be in the year 1935.

Lyra is a small constellation, and Vega is its only bright star; but it is remarkably interesting.

For instance, there is Sheliak or Beta Lyrae, which is shown in the diagram and which is easy to locate. This is one of the most famous "eclipsing variables" in the sky. Its brightness appears to change. Sometimes it is nearly equal to its neighbour Sulaphat or Gamma Lyrae, sometimes it is much fainter. Its changes are perfectly regular, and we always know in advance how Sheliak is going to behave.

Not one star—two

Strictly speaking, Sheliak is not variable at all. It is made up of not one star, but two—so close together that we cannot see them separately even with our most powerful telescopes. In fact, they are so close together that they pull each other into the shapes of eggs, and they are surrounded by one large cloud of gas.

When one star passes in front of the other, and hides it, the light which we receive is naturally reduced—and this is why Sheliak appears to change in brightness.

Close to Vega is a much fainter star, Epsilon Lyrae, which is of equal interest in its own way. Binoculars show both members well, and if you have a three-inch telescope you will be able to see that each one is again double, so

with a large instrument. It lies directly between Sheliak and Sulaphat, and looks like a small luminous bicycle-tyre in the sky; it is the brightest of a class of objects known as "planetary nebulae".

Actually, the name is not a good one, since a planetary nebula has nothing to do with a planet. Neither is it a true nebula, which is a mass of gas in space (the best example is, of course, the Sword of Orion, below the three bright stars of the Hunter's Belt).

A planetary nebula is simply a very small, hot star which is surrounded by a tremendous shell of gas. With the Ring Nebula, the central star is very faint indeed. Since it is so hot, it must also be extremely small, and it is also very dense.

Nova and Supernova

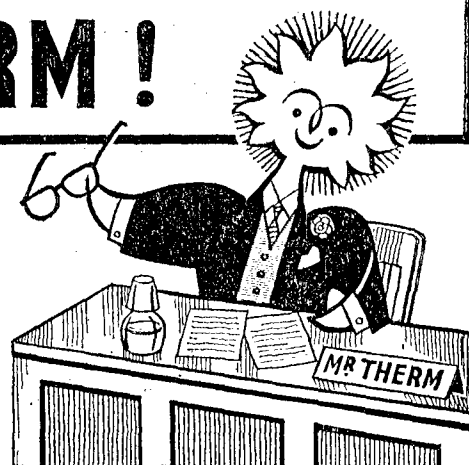
Now and then we see what is known as a "nova", when a formerly very faint star explodes and becomes brilliant for a short time. Much rarer are "supernovae", when the old star blows its material away into space and never returns to its old state. The only supernovae which have been seen in our Galaxy are those of 1054, 1572 and 1604.

It is clear, then, that Lyra is very rich in interesting objects. Though one of the smallest constellations in the sky, it is also one of the groups which is worthy of special attention.

ASK MR. THERM!

Here are some more of the questions you have asked Mr. Therm. He has enjoyed reading all your letters and is delighted to know how much you like his page. Next week he will be here again, but not to answer questions. He will be telling you all about the way he helps in factories and offices as well as in the home. He is a very busy person! Thank you for your letters and postcards, every one of you, and don't be too disappointed if yours was not printed on this page. It was very difficult to choose the lucky ones.

Issued by the Gas Council



How do gas washing machines work?



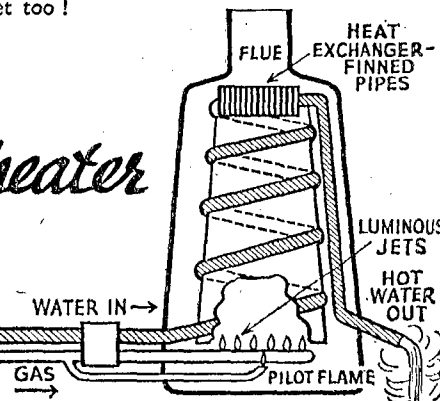
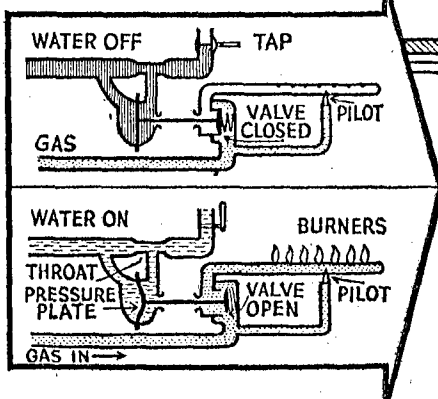
Merryn Whitfield of Peterborough wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

To get clothes really clean you need loads of hot water, and that's certainly what you get with Mr. Therm. Inside the sleek cabinet of the washing machine is a tub to hold the water, heated by a gas ring underneath it. The tub is filled through a tube from the tap in the sink, and for emptying there is a tap at the bottom. Some kinds have electric "swirlers" to move the clothes round in the water. Many have a wringer attached as well. It takes only a little while to wash all the dirty clothes for two people for a week! Mummy can wash delicate fabrics like silk and nylon, as well as woollens, and even very dirty overalls. And it's easy to dry them if she has a gas drying cabinet too!

How does a gas water heater work so quickly?

Elizabeth Green of Billingham wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

A gas water heater starts with cold water and heats it as it goes through to the hot tap. It does not store hot water, but the supply never runs out as long as the tap is turned on. There is a special valve which will only let gas come through to the burners while the tap is turned on.

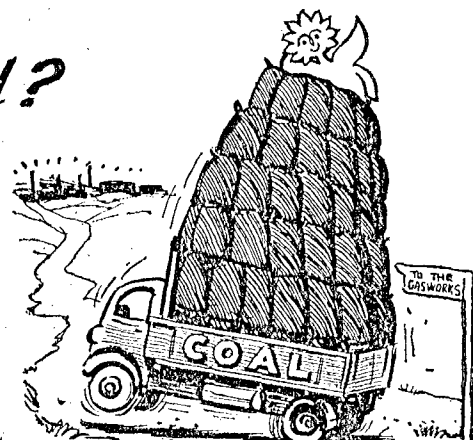


When you turn the water on, it flows towards the narrow part of the pipe called the throat. This holds up the flow and pressure builds up on the pressure plate. This pushes the valve so gas is allowed in, bottom left, which goes to the burners to be lit by the little pilot light. Once the water is shut off, the valve returns to its former place and no more gas comes in, top left. It is the finned heat exchanger that does most of the hot work. The cold water works its way up the heating coils and through the exchanger and comes out hot, warm or boiling, according to the setting of the heater.

Where is the biggest Gas Works in England?

William Giles of Reigate wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

London is one of the largest cities in the world and so it is not surprising that Mr. Therm needs the largest gas works in England just to keep London supplied with gas. If you went down the Thames on a boat you would soon see Beckton gasworks, a little way past the Royal Albert Dock. You could hardly miss it, for this gasworks covers over 300 acres of land—about 200 large hockey pitches! The works was begun in 1868. On the river there are two piers for loading and unloading, and it has its own railway system with 45 miles of track and a special station. You could really say that Beckton is as big as 14 ordinary-sized gasworks, for it produces 860 thousand therms of gas a day. Big stuff, Mr. Therm!



KEEP COOL WITH GAS

MAKE IT A DATE

July 14th 1789

THE STORMING OF THE



IN July 1789 the gathering storm of the French Revolution suddenly burst into violence.

The Paris mob, knowing that the royalists under Louis XVI hoped to regain the power they were losing by holding down the capital with foreign troops, suddenly rose, seized arms and marched to the grim fortress of the Bastille. Here many luckless people had been imprisoned without trial at the king's pleasure and the grim towers and tall walls were regarded as the very symbol of tyranny.

◀ Robespierre

The mob brought up cannon and, despite a tough resistance from the garrison, forced a way in, killed the governor, released the captives and totally destroyed the building.

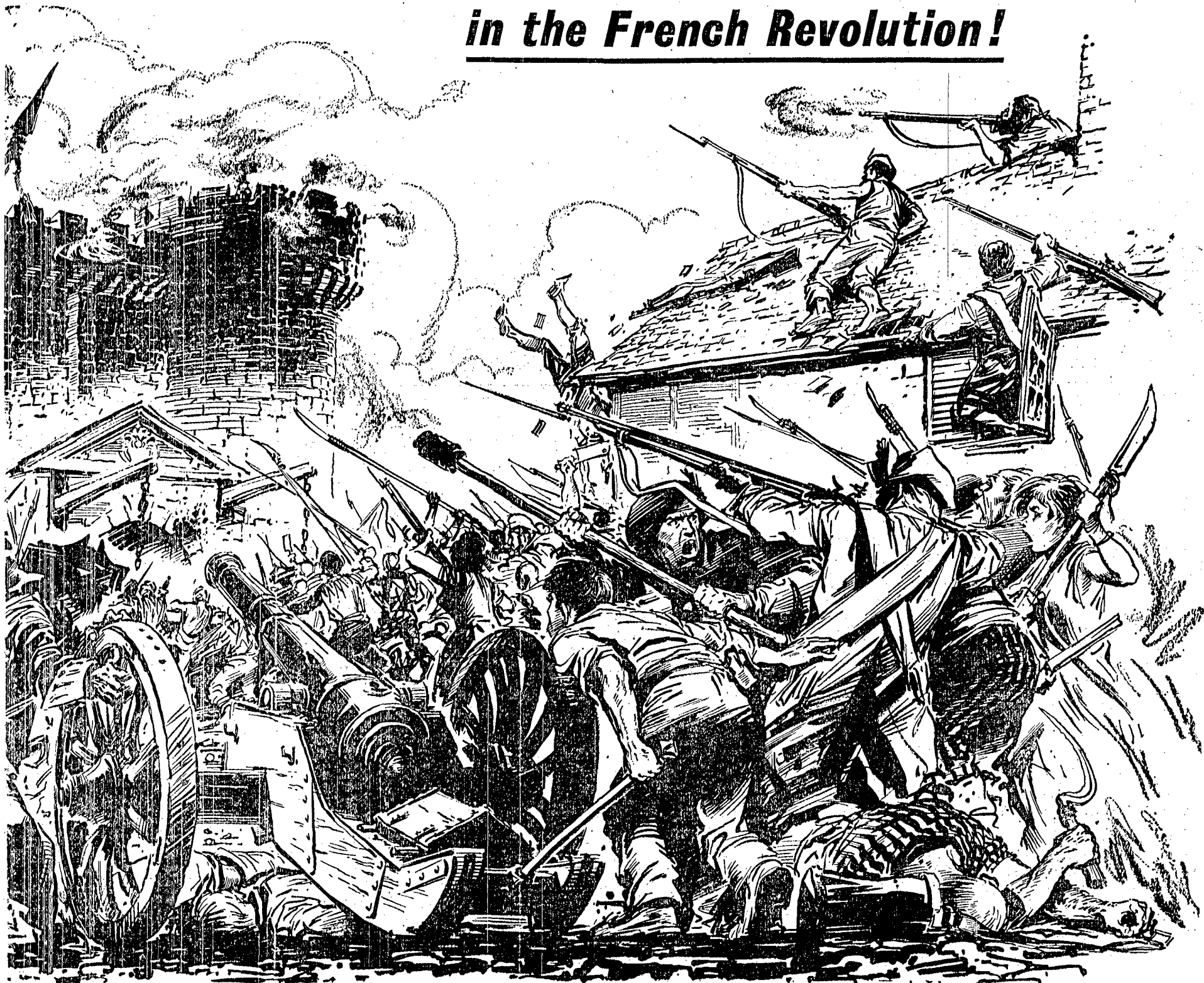
The fall of the Bastille seemed to everyone to represent the fall of the old order of things in France. Peasants rose against their landlords and government largely broke down. The king was kept almost a prisoner in Paris. He tried to escape but was recaptured near the frontier. And when a Prussian army advanced to help him and was defeated

at Valmy, where hundreds of thousands were massacred and many in the capital executed by guillotine.

Meanwhile the king fled abroad. Napoleon, on the Coast of England, made many good many—made to receive

In France, the Reign of Terror

BASTILLE . . . *set a whole nation ablaze* *in the French Revolution!*



Wholesale reprisals took place. Royalist sympathisers were guillotined and hundreds more were killed after little more than a day. The king himself was executed in January 1793.

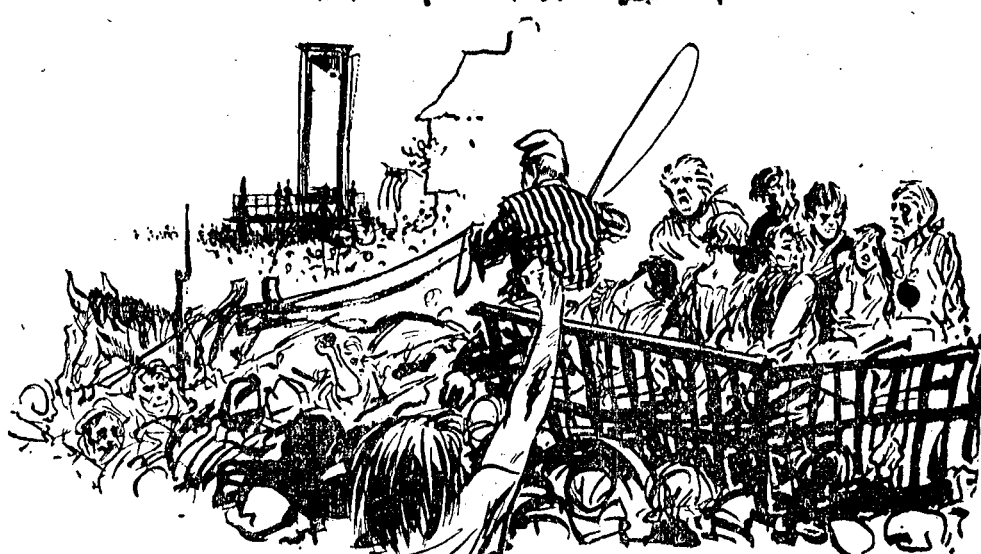
Many royalists escaped. Others landed on the South coast—Brighton received a large number where arrangements were made for them.

The revolution became a civil war, with rival leaders,

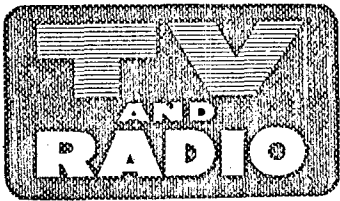
notably Robespierre, plotting for power. In October 1793, Queen Marie Antoinette followed her husband to the guillotine and one of its last victims, the following year, was Robespierre himself.

Sick of wholesale slaughter, a new government drew up a new constitution and, when insurrection was threatened, used a brilliant young artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, to suppress it.

France, which had endured one of the bloodiest revolutions in history in order to become a republic, ended as an empire—with Napoleon as its emperor.



BONEHEAD AND CO ARE BACK AGAIN



by Ernest Thomson

NEW TIME FOR THE STARGAZERS

GOOD news for stargazers.

Patrick Moore, CN's astronomy expert, begins a new series of *The Sky By Night* in BBC television next Monday at 6.35 p.m. This means that viewers of all ages will be able to follow the stars in their courses. Previously Mr. Moore rarely came on the air before 10.45 at night.

Not even the BBC's Ealing Studios, which contain a special water tank for aquatic sequences, have seen so much splashing around as during the recent filming there for *Bonehead*.

Those three comedy crooks—"Boss," "Happy," and "Bonehead"—begin a new series on Saturday. The first episode, "Let's Pretend," tells how they start to work on a master-plan to make money. The idea is to save the life of an eccentric millionaire and win a reward. First, however, they must put him in danger, so they flood the boiler room of his imposing mansion.

"Boss" (Paul Whitsun-Jones) always sees himself as a Napoleon of crime. "Happy" (Douglas Blackwell) usually prophecies doom and is generally right. "Bonehead" (Colin Douglas) is rather large and dim but very fond of his mother.



Unorthodox arrival by Happy, Bonehead, and Boss who begin a new series this week.

on RECORD

MOZART AND THE MUSIC PIRATES

While the great composer, Mozart, was writing his music as well as teaching and playing at concerts he was worrying all the time in case the engravers who copied out his music were stealing the tunes and selling them elsewhere!

He wrote to his father in the spring of 1784: "How can I protect myself from the engraver who can surely print off as many copies as he likes and therefore swindle me?" Later he wrote answering his own query: "I have everything copied in my room and in my presence." This was his plan to beat the music pirates.

It was at this time that Mozart composed his *Piano Concerto in E flat (K449)* which is now recorded by Colin Horsley and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Basil Cameron (HMV Concert Classics XLP30004. LP 22s. 8d.). According to the cover notes that same early part of 1784 was a



Wolfgang Mozart (1756-91)

busy period even for Mozart. In the six weeks between 9th February and 22nd March he wrote three concertos and played at more than 20 concerts, quite apart from his teaching.

On the reverse side of this record is the same composer's *Quintet in E Flat Major (K452)* played by the Dennis Brain Wind Ensemble with Colin Horsley. Mozart described this as "the best work I have ever composed."

OTHER NEW DISCS

Bernard Cribbins, that very fine young actor who suddenly became a record star with a bit of nonsense called *Hole In The Road*, has made a similar, and just as funny record, called *Right, Said Fred* (Parlophone 45-R-4923. Single).

Here is a new line in background accompaniment—real tigers, roaring real roars. They are featured on a new disc *Taming Tigers* (Ember EMB S1551 Single) by Grant Tracy.

Some expert jazz musicians got together for a not-too-serious recording session and produced *Moonstruck* (Fontana 26722TF. Single). They call themselves The Cornflakes.

Australian Frank Ifield gives a new treatment to an old song—it's called *I Remember You* (Columbia. 45-DB-4856. Single).

The Gang's all here



The Gang: Michael Luckie ("The Prof"), Geoffrey Bettenay (Ben), Michael Meier (Anton), and Peter Hampson (Stanley).

ALL the girls who read this column seem to be interested in pets and also in careers. I daresay a lot of you think you'd like to be a vet when you're grown up.

Well, to train as a vet is an expensive and lengthy business and the exams are stiff, too. It takes a minimum period of five years to complete the course, and

Jonquil Antony's Column



or biology it is a great help. It isn't enough just to "love animals."

If you really want to be a vet, try getting a local veterinary surgeon to let you help him for a week or two, or just watch what he's doing. You'll find out then what the work is really like, and how you will react to it all at the same time.



I OFTEN get letters from girls who say they are worried when they are taken out by grown-ups to restaurants.

There's no need to worry. The knives and forks and spoons are laid in the order in which they're meant to be used, starting with the outside ones. When you have

If you missed *The Racketty Street Gang* in BBC junior TV last summer, you can catch up with the gang in a second showing on Fridays, beginning this week.

There is a haze of mystery about the activities of four boys in this tale set on the Sydney waterfront. Three are native-born Australians, but the fourth, Anton, is the son of a German immigrant. The excitement begins when it is discovered that Anton's parents have a secret worry connected with the boatyard at the end of the street.

Michael Meier (13), who plays Anton, was over here on holiday from Germany when the serial was recorded. His father works at the German Embassy in London.

finished a course you simply lay the knife and fork down straight in the centre of the plate. Don't worry if you've left some pieces of bread or roll. You don't have to eat it all up. If you get a quarter of lemon served with the fish, it's meant to be squeezed gently over it. For melon, you can use either a knife and fork or a spoon and fork, and put either sugar or ground ginger on it.

Remember, too, that nobody really *minds* if you make a mistake.



IT'S St. Swithin's Day this week, with its tradition that if it rains, it will go on for 40 days. Who was St. Swithin? Well, he was a Saxon bishop of Winchester, and when he died, he wanted to be buried outside where the rain could fall on him. But the other monks thought he should be inside the church so they buried him there. But then the rain came down and it continued for 40 days and 40 nights. In the end the monks moved St. Swithin outside again as he had asked—and the rain stopped. That's the story.

TURKEY TREAT

If any American viewers are watching Granada's *Zoo Time* this Wednesday, Dr. Desmond Morris may have a surprise for them. He will show the bird that narrowly missed becoming the United States' national emblem—none other than the turkey. Says Dr. Morris: "Benjamin Franklin, the 18th-century American statesman, strongly agitated to have the turkey chosen, since it is one of the most popular birds throughout North America."

The TV pictures will certainly reveal how very sedate and dignified the turkey can appear.

Fights and feuds galore

A MYSTERIOUS master bowman—"Brown Rob o' the Moor"—

will keep listeners guessing in *The Weird Archer*. This new six-part serial beginning in BBC junior radio on Friday is based on Frank Crisp's novel, set in 16th-century Northumberland.

Young Tom Alwyn meets Brown Rob in the Cheviot Hills, where Tom has been sent to live with the relatives of his father, whose death is surrounded by mystery. What Tom wants to know is whether Brown Rob is friend or foe.

Nan Macdonald, who has adapted the story, promises plenty of fights and feuds, with a dash of romance.

Auf Deutsch

THE first TV German lessons for schools begin this autumn. They will be networked by ATV under the title *Auf Deutsch*. Real German people will be taking part, and this month they are coming over to England specially to record conversations and enact scenes in front of the TV cameras.

They belong to the small town of Wedel, near Hamburg, and include the mayor, a postman, nurse, florist, baker, and members of Wedel's school orchestra.



there are always a lot of applications at each of the six veterinary schools in Britain.

You must have your GCE and if you've done physics, chemistry

Continuing our exciting and funny story about a schoolboy detective

Archie McGillicuddy (only it's quicker just to call him Archie) has taken on the job of cameraman in the film unit newly formed at his school. And the school has entered for a film-making competition.

Archie also rather fancies himself as an amateur detective.

The unit is trying to beat the weather in getting the job done on time when Mitch Fallon, one of the cast, telephones Archie to say that a tough boy called Bill Yates and his gang are planning to get their hands on the film.

Archie and his friends break into the locked gym to rescue the boxes of film and lay a booby trap of fire buckets just under the gym window. When Bill and his gang arrive they fall into the trap with a vengeance. They retire in a rage. But just as Archie and his friends are leaving they find that the camera is missing...

2. The puzzle begins

FOR a moment or two they were numb with astonishment. Sammy Durrant was the first to speak.

"We'd better ring the police," he said.

"Wait a minute," Archie said. "We ought to let Mr. Cartwright know first." Suddenly, as the idea struck him, he laughed. "That's the answer anyway, I reckon. The camera hasn't been pinched—old Carty's taken it home with him. I'm going round to see him. Where does he live?"

"42 Clarendon Crescent," said Mitch. "Not far."

Five minutes later Archie was alone—except for his dog Bonkers. They were at the bottom end of the High Street, outside the Regal Cinema, hunting for Clarendon Crescent among the half-dozen badly lit residential streets that fanned out from the war memorial and market square.

And then, out of the Regal, came old Carty. Only he wasn't alone; with him was the teacher from the nursery school down the road, Peggy Charles. Archie hovered indecisively as he watched them walk along the pavement slowly, with arms linked.

"What's the idea?"

He waited until Cartwright and Peggy Charles were out of sight, then looked again for Clarendon Crescent. It was a short road of old, quiet, solid Victorian houses, and Number 42 was at the far end, beside a church. Archie stood at the church gate and waited. Bonkers lay down on the cold flagstones beside him and whined gloomily.

"Quiet, boy!"

The whining continued.

Archie bent down. "Nobody asked you to come, did they? You could have been sitting at home in front of a warm fire." He stopped, listening to footsteps and a cheerful whistle.

"Hello, Mr. Cartwright! It's me—Archie McGillicuddy."

Under the pale gleam of a street lamp Cartwright looked surprised. "What's the idea of lurking beside my front gate?"

"I just wanted to ask you if you brought the camera home with you tonight," Archie watched the master's face. "It's not in your cupboard."

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

by
Robert
Bateman

Cartwright frowned. "What d'you mean? You'd better come indoors and explain."

Archie followed him up three flights of creaking stairs to a stark, grim little bed-sitting room at the top of the house. "Sit down, Archie. Now let's hear all about this."

Quickly Archie told him about the plan to pinch the films—but without giving any names.

Carty's face became grim. "It's a matter for the police, Archie. Not only is that camera valuable, but as you know, it doesn't belong to us. We'd better go round and see them."

Archie looked at him uneasily. "Will I have to tell them who tried to pinch the films?"

Carty stared at him. "I know how you feel about that. If it was something we were tackling inside the school, then everything you've heard about sneaking since you were five years old would count against revealing the names. But once it's in the hands of the police it's a different matter. Look at it this way. Of all the toughs at school—and there are several gangs of them, aren't there—who are the police most likely to suspect of stealing the camera?"

"Why, Bi...?" Hastily Archie stopped himself. "Why, the very bunch who tried to pinch the films."

"So by telling the police who they were, you're actually saving them a lot of trouble."

Archie frowned. "I don't get that."

"I thought you were supposed to be a bit of a detective? Surely if you go and pinch a camera you pinch the films at the same time? You don't take all the risks again an hour later to pinch the films."

"True enough."

They were downstairs again now, heading out of the front door on their way to the police station.

"What time did you find the cupboard empty, Archie?"

"About five past eight, I think." Archie felt tired, and still not fully able to understand that the camera had been stolen, that it

wouldn't miraculously reappear. "But we'd been there since soon after half past seven. If there'd been anybody else in the building surely we'd have heard them?" Suddenly a thought struck him. "Anyway, who knows where the key's kept? And where is the key now?"

"One thing at a time, Archie. First, the time factor. I was in the staff room myself until five o'clock."

"That doesn't narrow it down much, sir. The thief had two and a half clear hours. Anybody could have nipped in and out twenty times if they'd wanted to." He amended that. "Anybody who knew how to get in, where the camera was, and that the key was on top of the picture frame." He frowned. "That ought to narrow it down."

"It does," said the master grimly as they approached the steps of the police station. "As far as I can make out, on that basis there are only two possible suspects."

"Eh? Who are they?"

"You," said Cartwright, lighting his pipe, "and me!"

Archie found himself blinking rapidly. Then he brightened. "Let's hope Sergeant Nokes can help. If anybody can sort out this mess and find the camera, it's him."

Inside Sergeant Nokes' bleak

Then he said, "Who owns this camera?"

Cartwright scribbled on a scrap of paper. "A Mr. Jarvis. Here's his address. He's one of the school governors. Goodness knows how I'm going to break the news to him about what's happened."

"Is he a professional film maker?" asked the sergeant. "I don't quite understand the background of this film business. You'll have to explain it to me."

Archie looked firmly at the art master. If anybody was going to explain about amateur films, Cartwright was the one. Cartwright's one-man production about refugees starting a new life in Britain had been an award winner in the National Ten Best Competition last year.

Schools competition

"More and more people are making their own films," he said. "The camera we have is one of the best of the lot. It uses 8 millimetre film, which is cheap, but the lenses and mechanism are so good that the results are nearly up to the standards of professional 16 millimetre productions."

"What's the film you're making?"

Cartwright stared at the floor. "We're making, you mean! It's for a schools competition. There are three schools competing in

tell. If the thief's a fool, he'll be round to a dealer's shop first thing in the morning. If he's clever, he'll sit tight and do nothing—or else take it halfway across Britain and sell it in Bristol or Birmingham. But meanwhile there is one thing I can do."

"What's that?" Archie and Cartwright spoke in chorus.

"I can have a word," said Sergeant Nokes grimly, "with Master Bill Yates!"

Archie took a roundabout route home. The question of the key limited the suspects to only those who could have discovered where Cartwright hid it. And Cartwright had taken it off his key ring only a week ago, when it had been decided that it would be helpful if Archie was able to get the camera at any time he wanted.

Who, since that time, could have learned about where the key was kept, other than by accident? Others who used the staff-room, Archie supposed, were first on any list. Six masters—and the gym instructor. Leaving Cartwright himself in the running, that brought the total to eight.

"No luck"

He was on his own doorstep now, putting his key in the lock.

Now that was another odd part of the mystery. Why hadn't the thief left the key in the lock, or put it back on top of the picture? He went indoors. The hall clock said nine-thirty.

It was just as he headed down the darkened hall that the phone rang.

"Archie?"

"Yes. Who's that?"

"Mc. Mitch. Any luck about the camera?"

"No luck at all. We've been to the police. They say it might be halfway to Timbuktu by now. So that means goodbye to any chances of winning the competition."

"It doesn't, you know."

"What?" Archie blinked hard at the telephone. "We can't shoot film without a camera."

"We don't have to. My father's lending us his."

"Mum!" said Archie thoughtfully. "What kind is it?"

"It's the one we used for our summer holiday film. D'you think you'll know how to work it?"

One problem solved

"A ten-year-old could work it, Mitch. That's the whole point about cameras like that. Bring it in the morning. Early. I'll get a new roll of film from old Carty, and Sammy can work out how much we've got to shoot again."

"Ugh?"

"The stuff we've already shot—the scenes on the film that's inside the camera. We've got to do those again, remember." Archie put the phone down, and sat on the bottom stair, with his aching feet on the umbrella tray of the hall stand. Well, at least one problem was solved. The film could still be made.

In the morning he was up early, to create surprise in the kitchen. "You haven't had breakfast with your father in living memory," said his mother, staring at him in astonishment.

"I want to get to school early," said Archie. Aware that the explanation was causing even more surprise, he added, "Film

Continued on page 10



Coming out of the door of Bampton's, with a small suitcase in his hand, was old Carty!

office, they sat down. "Now, let's have it," said the sergeant. "Not more trouble at the club?"

Archie shook his head. "No, at school this time." He told the story carefully and concisely. He was nervous, very conscious that any carelessness on his part might ruin the sergeant's impression of him as a good candidate for becoming a police photographer. Nokes had been the one person in the whole wide world who hadn't thought it a huge joke that Archie wanted to join the police but was several inches too short. Only Sergeant Nokes had taken the trouble to think of the sensible alternative of becoming a civilian photographer attached to the police.

The sergeant listened in silence.

the south-east, three in the south-west, and so on. The winners of each regional final go into the national final and get shown on television. There are only ten days until the closing date, so unless we get the camera back quickly we're sunk."

Nokes stood up, and looked out of the window into the darkness. "What's this camera look like?"

"I'll find a picture of one and let you have it."

"Good. Then we can circulate copies to all the second-hand shops."

"You think it'll turn up, then?" Cartwright was pale. "I don't know whether Mr. Jarvis had it insured."

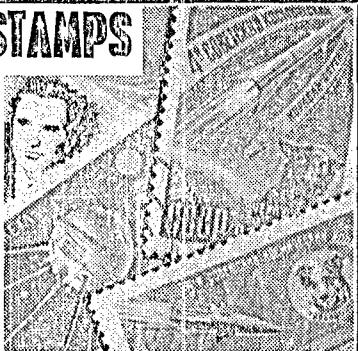
Nokes shook his head. "I can't

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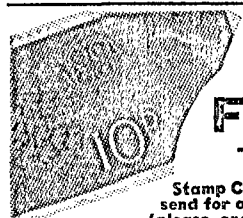
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WORLD OF STAMPS

SPECIAL ISSUES FOR SCOUTS AND GUIDES

THE GIRL SCOUTS of America, whose movement is the sister of our own Girl Guides Association, are celebrating their 50th anniversary this month.

The first troop of Girl Scouts was founded in 1912 by Mrs. Juliette Gordon Low, at Savannah in the State of Georgia. Mrs. Low was a native of Georgia, but she had lived for some time in Britain and had helped to organise Girl Guide troops here.

The first troop of Girl Scouts had twelve members. Today there are over three million Girl Scouts in the United States.

When Mrs. Low retired from



same design, their unusual colours make them very attractive.

Collectors who are interested in stamps and postmarks connected with the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement may like to know that there is a club which caters for them. It is called "The Scout Stamps Collectors' Club." It has its own monthly magazine, and collectors of all ages are welcomed as members. Further details may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. H. L. Fears, 11 Salisbury Road, Seaford, Sussex. If you write to Mr. Fears, please remember to enclose a 3d. stamp for his reply.

Stampex 1963

OTHER stamp news this week includes the announcement by the Junior Philatelic Society and the Philatelic Traders' Society that Stampex 1963, the philatelic exhibition which they organise jointly each year, will be held at Central Hall, Westminster, from 15th-23rd March. The 1963 exhibition will be bigger than ever and details of the various competitions will be announced soon.

C. W. HILL.



Representing Britain

These girls have gone to the U.S.A. for the Girl Scouts celebrations (see adjoining columns.) They are, from top: Cadet Jacqueline Neville (17) of Westcliff, Essex; Sea Ranger Hazel Broome (18) of Bristol; Land Ranger Susan Beveridge (17) of Barrowford, Lancs.; and Catherine Dell (17) of Ipswich.

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

Continued from page 9

problems," and sat down to a plateful of cornflakes. On the floor beside him, Bonkers matched him mouthful for mouthful, but more noisily.

By eight thirty he was walking briskly down the High Street, certain of arriving at school a quarter of an hour early. Time enough to examine Mitch's cine-camera, and load it with film ready for the afternoon. But only half his mind was on that. The other half was still turning on the few known facts about the mystery of the stolen camera.

Would anybody be such a fool as to sell it to a local second-hand dealer? Sergeant Nokes hadn't seemed to think so; but supposing such a dealer was a friend of the thief—another crook, who wouldn't reveal the sale if questioned by the police, and who could easily dispose of the camera through contacts in the trade who wouldn't be any the wiser?

Was there a camera shop run by anybody who seemed likely to be a crook? He scratched his head. That was a tall order. If there was one thing he'd learned in the past few months it was that crooks didn't usually look dishonest. Shifty eyed men slinking through back alleyways with their hats pulled down to hide their faces were strictly a Hollywood product. Crooks were just as likely to be cheerful red-cheeked men with honest faces.

First, then, what camera shops were there? Masson's, in North Street, where he did his own shopping. Archie laughed. The idea of old Mr. Masson trading in stolen cameras was ridiculous. He was a Town Councillor, a churchwarden, and goodness knows what else besides.

The big chemists higher up North Street also had a photographic department—but it was a dead certainty they didn't deal in any kind of second-hand goods, stolen or otherwise.

That brought him to Bampton's. There was no other camera shop but Bampton's, dealers in second-hand cameras, tape recorders, gramophones, binoculars—almost anything—right here in the High Street, a hundred yards ahead.

And at that moment, looking up, Archie let out a gasp of astonishment. For coming out of the door of Bampton's, with a small suitcase in his hand, was old Carty!

Archie was on the point of running after him when a sudden icy chill gripped him.

Carty didn't buy films at Bampton's! Carty used Masson's, just like himself.

In that case what was he doing coming out of Bampton's swinging a case that by its movement must be empty, or nearly so, at nine o'clock in the morning?

To be continued

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A teenage sweater?**

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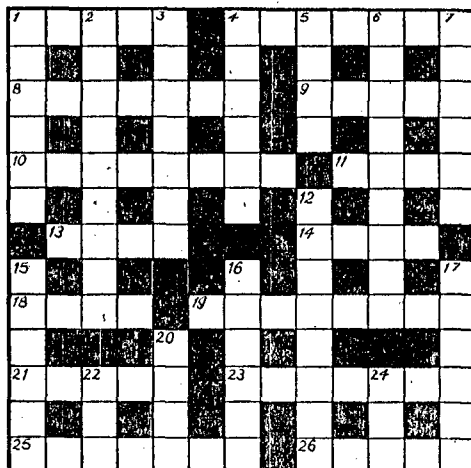
by
Guy Williams

Crossword puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Subject of discussion. 4 Ireland is often called the — Isle. 8 To decree. 9 Mechanical man. 10 Grating sound. 11 Extra, or in addition. 13 Root plant which yields sugar. 14 Need. 18 Australia's largest lake. 19 Sleeps. 21 Approaches. 23 Not successful. 25 Opposite of 23 Across. 26 Welcome.

READING DOWN. 1 Stupor. 2 One who operates puppets. 3 Popular summer sport, usually for boys. 4 To lengthen. 5 Nobleman. 6 Vehicle to carry sick or injured. 7 Loathe. 12 and 15 Popular summer sports for both boys and girls. 16 White — of Dover. 17 To agree. 20 Land surrounded by water. 22 Part of a circle. 24 Employ.

Answers in column 4



BILLY MAKES POST HASTE

BILLY and Paul were arguing about who was the faster runner.

"I raced you to the sweet shop last week," said Billy, "and I won easily. Why, I'd practically finished my ice cream before you arrived!"

"Well what about those races in the school playground?" said Paul. "I won every time."

Daddy was listening to this conversation. "What you don't seem to realise," he said, "is that you can both be good runners, one good at sprints and the other good at longer distances."

At that moment Mummy

hurried into the room. "Billy, will you go as fast as you can to the pillar box. I must catch the last post with this letter."

Billy glanced at the clock. "But there's only four minutes to go and the pillar box is at least half a mile away!"

"Never mind," said Mummy ushering him out. "Do your best."

Billy set off at a steady trot but he would never have reached the pillar box in time. Then he happened to look round and there was the post office van coming up the road towards him.

Billy waved his arms like mad and the driver, who was a friend of his, stopped the van.

"Please put this letter in your bag," said Billy. "It's very important and I'll never reach the pillar box in time."

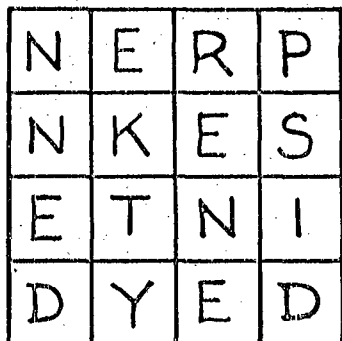
Billy had only been gone about three minutes when he sauntered back into the house.

"What happened?" asked Mummy glancing anxiously at the clock.

"Oh I caught it," said Billy airily. "I told you I was a good runner."

Daddy gave a grin, guessing that Billy had not gone all the way to the pillar box. "You certainly are. In fact, according to my calculations you have just broken the world record for the mile!"

MAN IN A SQUARE



BY starting in one of the corners and passing through each square, the name of a leading figure in world affairs is formed.

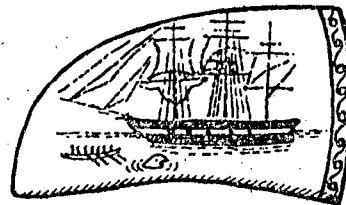
Collectors' Piece

Sketchings on bone

IN the old days of whaling, when ships took weeks to sail to and from the hunting grounds, the crews often had a fair amount of leisure. To occupy their time the men used to scratch pictures and patterns on pieces of whalebone and walrus tusks.

"Scrimshaw work," as this kind of work is called, is both decorative and exciting. Examples are sometimes to be found in antique or junk shops, and even on stalls at jumble sales!

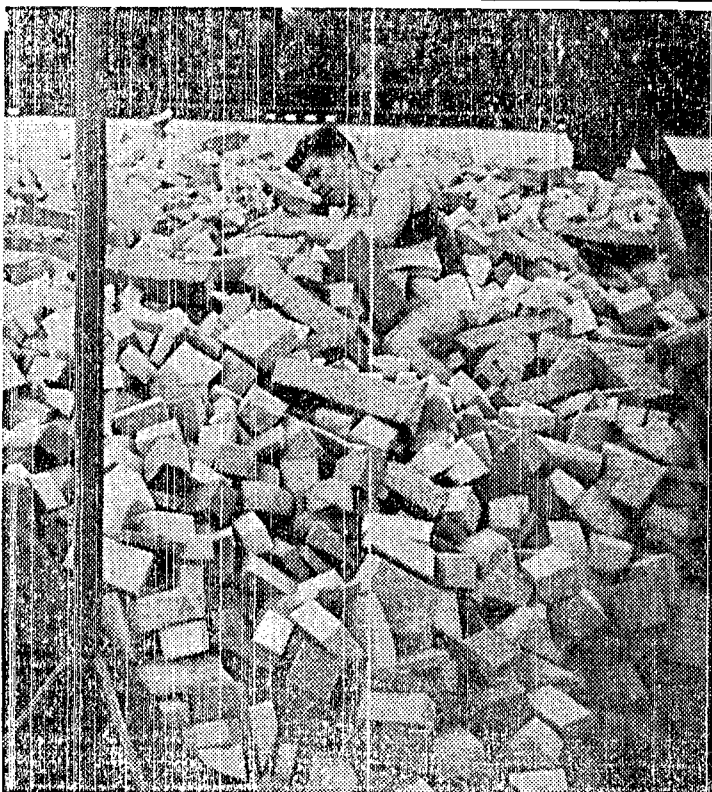
If you are keen on collecting models of ships and pictures of



ships, a piece of scrimshaw work will make your collection more complete. And if you can find an example which shows a scene from a whale-hunt (as in the illustration) you will really have something to treasure!

What's happened?

It seems that the athlete has "brought down the house." He hasn't, of course; but can you guess what really happened?



SPORTING QUIZ

Can you name the game or sport in which each of the following terms is used?

Check mate; Advantage server; Straight left; A Double Nelson; A throw-in; Bunkered.

Name the city

MY first is in carriage, and also in cart,
My second's in hub and you'll find it in heart,
My third is in cleaning, it isn't in dust,
My fourth is in stammer, it's also in must,
My fifth's not in coffee, but you'll find it in tea,
My sixth, the same as my third you will see,
My seventh is in stayer, and it's also in leaver,
My whole is the city the Romans called Deva.

A WRITER FROM NUMBERS

Can you, from the clues given below, find the nine-letter name of a very famous Victorian author? The numbers indicate the position of each letter in the answer.

7816 spells another word for speed.

We have 4356 for tea frequently. If we 2316, we dislike intensely. 179 is an attempt, and 98421 is a sailing boat.

Money problem

"IF I had five shillings more, now, than I had before I spent those two florins I would have twice what I have left," said Bernard.

How much did Bernard have to start with?

Gay!
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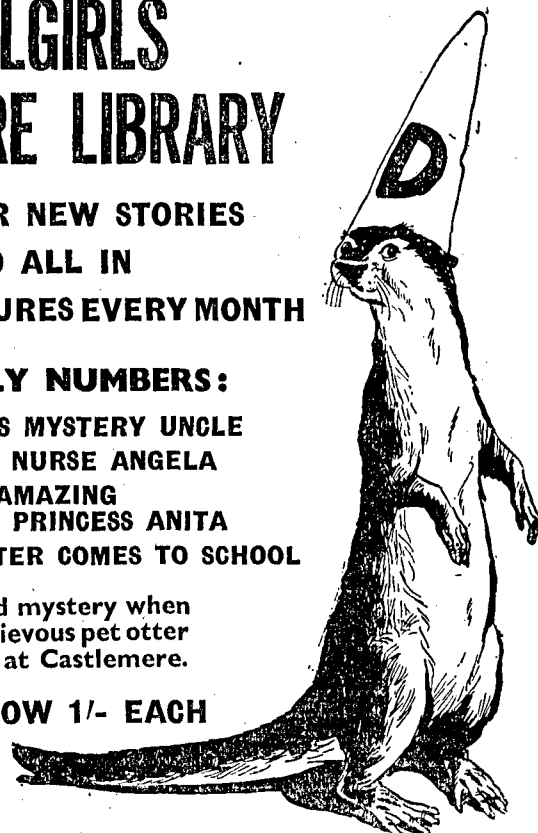
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JAPANESE ATHLETES AT THE WHITE CITY

WATCH THESE HUTTONS

SIR LEONARD HUTTON, former captain of England, will no doubt be at Lord's this Wednesday to watch his elder son Richard playing for Cambridge in the inter-varsity match.

Richard Hutton is a sound middle-order batsman nowadays, although he used to open the innings for Repton School, for whom he scored over 1,000 runs last season.

This summer another Hutton has hit the headlines as a powerful batsman—16-year-old John. John followed his brother Richard into the Repton team and recently hit his second hundred of the season. Unlike his father and elder brother, however, John is a left-hander.

Busy days—and nights—for Sheila

These are busy days indeed for Sheila Parkin of Sheffield. For this 16-year-old schoolgirl is not only practising hard to become Britain's leading long-jumper—and thus win a trip to the Empire Games in Perth—she is also studying hard for the seven GCE subjects she is taking this year.

So every evening Sheila gets out her books for three hours' homework, then hurries off to the school playing field for long-jumping training under the guidance of her father.

But Sheila is literally taking all this in her stride. She has already represented Britain and in training has broken the indoor British record.

Strong entry from overseas for AAA Championships

SOME of the 1962 Amateur weekend. For the first time Japanese athletes will compete at

Among them will be Noboro Okamoto, a fantastic little athlete who has hurled the 16 lb. hammer more than 218 feet, and Koji Sakurai, whose best triple jump of 52 feet 11 inches is nearly a foot better than the UK all-comers' record.

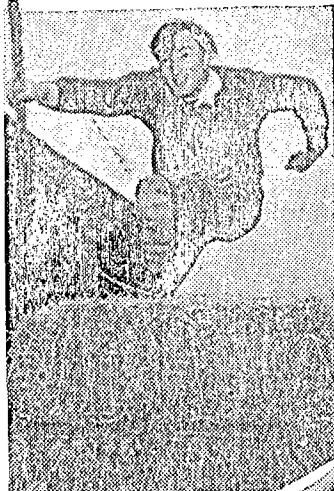
Britain's athletes will also face competition from entrants from nearly a dozen countries, including the United States and South Africa. One of these South African university students, Elfranco Malan, is no stranger to this country, for he is the holder of the AAA discus title.

Another of the overseas athletes making a return visit is Colin Ridgway, Australian high jumper who is studying in Texas. Ridgway finished second to Crawford Fairbrother (Scotland) at last year's AAA Championships, but since then he has become the only Commonwealth athlete to clear 7 feet, while Fairbrother only recently set up a new UK national record with a leap of 6 feet 9½ inches.

Competition against such powerful overseas opposition should bring out the best in our own men in view of the forthcoming European and Empire Games.

One of the most keenly fought events may be the 120 yards hurdles, in which Robert Birrell, Northern champion and second in last year's AAA Championships, and Robin Brunyee, the Midlands

Athletic Association titles could well go to Japan this in the long history of the annual championships a team of London's White City.



champion, should figure prominently.

Robin Brunyee, of Birchfield Harriers, has shown great promise since his schooldays and now, with selection for the Games a distinct possibility, he has the incentive to do better than ever before. He works on a farm near

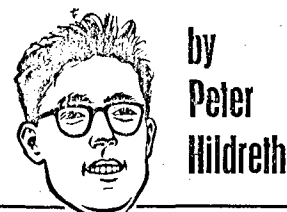
Workshop and his duties prevent him spending much time on track training, but he keeps fit by doing all his farm-work at the double.

On the farm and on the track

The results of Robin Brunyee's training (on the left) are seen on the track.



GAMES SPOTLIGHT



by Peter Hildreth

After representing Britain in three Olympics, three European Games, and one Empire Games, Peter Hildreth has now retired, and is free to write about the sport he knows so well. For the next few months he will be bringing you his inside news and views about the European and Empire Games to be held later this year.

ONCE every four years the nations of Europe meet for an athletics "summit." This may be less important than the Olympics, but it is no less competitive.

Next September, the Seventh European Championships will be staged at Belgrade in Yugoslavia and already performances in various parts of Europe indicate that a very high standard can be expected.

In the last European Championships at Stockholm in 1958, Great Britain carried off seven Gold Medals. We will be very lucky to do as well this year, but Britain will have a good chance in the sprints, putting the shot, relays, and walks.

British athletes can look upon Belgrade as a lucky setting, for it was there in 1951 that Great Britain defeated Yugoslavia in an international match. I was a member of that British team and I can clearly remember seeing McDonald Bailey, the brilliant negro sprinter from Trinidad, equalling the then world record for 100 metres of 10.2 secs.

Chance for Radford

Mac's time could be fast enough to win the European title this year and Peter Radford could well be the man to bring Britain the gold medal. Four years ago, Peter finished third in the European 100 metres—when he was only 18 years old.

When I spoke to Peter Radford after a recent sprint victory he said: "I am quite satisfied with my form but I need plenty of starts to improve my first thirty yards."

Apart from Radford, we have the blond and muscular David Jones, and that amazing newcomer Alistair McIlroy, the "Scottish Express." We should see some great battles between them this year.

TWO NEW GUNNERS AT Highbury

ARSENAL have always been keen to give promising young footballers their big chance and when the players report for training for the new season in a few weeks' time, two 15-year-old boys will be taking their first step towards a professional football career.

One is Graham Wills, a left-back from the Alderman Leach Secondary Modern School, Gorleston, who played last season with the Yarmouth and Norfolk representative sides. Incidentally, he will rejoin Peter Simpson, 17, who left Alderman Leach School two years ago to join Arsenal.

The other "new boy" is Vincent Adams, from Chesterfield, who made a great impression earlier this year as the left-half in four England schoolboy international teams.

Another of last year's England team, Michael Bullock, has joined Birmingham City FC. A big,

powerful, goalscoring forward, who led Stoke Boys to victory in the English Schools Trophy Final in May, Michael favoured Birmingham as his elder brother Peter is on the staff.

Not surprisingly the Merseyside has gained five of last season's team, for four of them were Liverpoolians, Gerry Glover and Adrian Maher have signed for Everton; while Grant McCullough and Alan Hignett have joined Liverpool.

Everton have also secured the "apprentice" signature of John Hurst, schoolboy international inside-forward from Blackpool.

FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN ARGENTINA

The World Fencing Championships are to be held in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, on 16th-22nd July. About ten countries will send competitors.



HIS GREATEST FAN

Fifteen-year-old David Tuohy, of Leeds, a former national schoolboy champion, has no greater fan than his mother. And when David goes to the local gymnasium for training Mum goes too, and lends a hand.

